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BARNUM'S PARNASSUS;

BEING

Confidential Disclosures

OF THE

PRIZE COMMITTEE ON THE JENNY LIND
SONG.

WITH SPECIMENS OF

THE LEADING AMERICAN POETS IN THE HAPPIEST
EFFULGENCE OF THEIR GENIUS.

Respectfully Dedicated to the American Eagle.

THIRD EDITION.

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BARNUM'S PARNASSUS.



THE Prize Committee expects to be aspersed and anticipates nothing but calumny. Publics as well as Republics are ungrateful. Poets especially are a most "*irritabile genus*." A great author has very profoundly remarked, that

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,"

and the Prize Committee expects that a great many American Poets will be very mad indeed when they hear the decision of the Committee. No allowances will be made (the allowances of champagne and cigars by Mr. Barnum are not referred to) for the embarrassing position of the Prize Committee. No regard will be had by the disappointed competitors and their dear friends to the peculiar delicacy of the task of the Prize Committee. The Prize Committee felt this the moment it assumed its responsible duties.

It foresaw its destiny, and beheld (terrible vision!) the whole tribe of American Poets and Poetesses, with their eyes, as usual, in a fine frenzy rolling, scowling vengeance upon the Prize Committee and the successful Songster, and handing their names down to posterity in bad heroics or vindictive blank verse. The Prize Committee would willingly have escaped this dire necessity. It would gladly have shifted upon other shoulders the load which it—the Atlas of American Song—was compelled to bear. But the Prize Committee did not shrink. It faced the perils of its position. It came, saw, read, and selected. How, and in what manner, the ungenerous public will learn. The Prize Committee intends to unbosom itself. It intends to report confidentially to the whole community, and to solve the great question whether the world will stand by the Prize Committee, or the Prize Committee must stand by itself.

It is *not true* that the Prize Committee put the songs in its pockets as fast as received, and carried them around to Clark and Brown's, Windust's, Delmonico's, or wherever the Prize Committee happened to go, for the purpose of asking the decision of its friends upon their merits. Every song had equal and even-handed justice. A large hogshead, the same in which the original Mermaid made

her first voyage from Vermont to New-York, was appropriated to the reception of the songs. As fast as received they were deposited in its cavernous depths. The hog-head soon filled, as may be supposed, from the following report of one day's receipts.

Receipts of Songs at Box No. 2743, on Friday, Aug. 30th.

Little Rock, Wisconsin, and entire West, including	
new Territories and Indian Reservations,	10
Pontotoc, Miss., and entire South, including 2	
from Cuba, - - - - -	3
Boston, East Boston, Cambridge, and suburbs,	
and New England in general, - - -	241
New-York City, Brooklyn and Hoboken, and all	
other quarters, - - - - -	337
	<hr/>
Total, - - - - -	591

In addition to which, a large roll of manuscript came in by express from Fredonia, Michigan, endorsed, "An American Epic,—‘The Alleghaniad’—to be printed entire if adopted, but only as much sung as Miss Lind chooses."

The great disparity between the receipts from the North and East and those from the South, is a fact which the Prize Committee requests the Literati south of Mason and Dixon's Line, to put in their pipes and smoke.

The ceremony of heading up the hogshead was performed in the presence of the Prize Committee after the receipts of the mails of the 31st. The fact that the hogshead contained by that time, on a moderate calculation, about five thousand *staves*, made the operation of heading it a serious matter. Great fears of explosion were entertained by the Prize Committee, but by packing down the loose songs on the top with a few volumes of Griswold's American Poets, sufficient weight was obtained to compress the entire bulk into the requisite space. The hogshead was conveyed to the Committee Rooms.

The Prize Committee wishes to be frank and confidential. It is *not true* that the hogshead of Jenny Lind songs was insured in the sum of \$10,000 in the Phœnix or any other company, pending the decision of the Committee. No Wall-street company would take the risk. The attempt was made, but the answer to every application of the Prize Committee, was "extra hazardous," and the insurance was declined.

It is *not true* that a song was telegraphed on, on the 31st, by a Cincinnati poet who was too late for the mail. Such a proposition was made to the Committee, but indignantly declined. The poet insisted on sending on the dispatch, but it was interrupted at the tenth stanza by an unexpected rise in pork, which required to be immediately telegraphed, and was never completed.

It is *not true* that in unheading the hogshead, a violent explosion took place, seriously wounding four of the Prize Committee men. On the contrary, the decapitation of the hogshead was performed with entire success, and after removing the superincumbent weight above referred to, the songs were shovelled into five separate barrels, and a member of the Prize Committee assigned to each.

The gravest of questions then presented itself to the Committee. WHAT WAS TO BE DONE?

Prize Committee man No. 1, suggested that as these songs were conclusive evidence against the two thousand perpetrators of rhyme, the principles of Military Courts Martial should be adopted, and the process of decimation resorted to; and accordingly moved that the songs be counted, and one out of every ten considered.

The great objection to this method proved to be, that no one of the Committee would undertake the task of

counting the songs, and it was unanimously considered derogatory to the character of the Prize Committee, to count them as a body.

Prize Committee man No. 2, proposed that a selection should be made of all the songs upon which *postage had been paid*, and that none others should be examined. Prize Committee man No. 3, hereupon rose to amend this proposition, and suggested that, on the contrary, only the *unpaid* songs should be opened, inasmuch as it was very evident that their authors were the most in need of the \$200.

Discussion on this amendment was becoming violent, when Prize Committee man No. 4, put a stop to it, by stating that he had been credibly informed, that the postage had not been paid *in a single instance*. The Committee was relieved.

A final proposition was made by Committee man No. 5. "Gentlemen," said he, "this Committee is the embodiment of Justice. It should, therefore, proceed to its work blindfolded. Let the Prize Committee men bandage their eyes, and then proceed, each to his respective barrel, and select a single song. The five songs so chosen, shall be read without comment ; after which, each Prize Committee man shall repair to his barrel with a lighted

candle, and read in silence until he find a more satisfactory song. He shall then discard the former selection, and on the reassembling of the Committee, the second batch will be read as before, and the same subsequent process repeated. In this manner, certainty will be arrived at; there will be at least five picked songs, and out of these the Prize Committee can select.

This ingenious plan was hailed with universal approbation, and put into execution *nem con*.

After considerable groping in the dark, five songs were brought to light; and with this quinque-foliated product of the Barnum Parnassus before them, the Prize Committee proceeded to break the seals of the mysterious envelopes, and read in silence the first song, which, in justice to its distinguished merits, must be commenced on the top of a fresh page.

[Envelope directed in strong military hand. Device of seal, a sword and lyre.]

A VOLUNTEER ODE.

BY THE "ACKNOWLEDGED BEST SONG WRITER"—NOT A
COMPETITOR.

I.

Ho ! all ye bards, from best to worst,
In village, town, or city ;
Hand in your Songs before the 1st,
To Barnum's Prize Committee !
Ho ! every charming poetess,
Pick out your choicest ditty,
And send it on, post-paid—express—
To Barnum's Prize Committee !

II.

O Brother Poets ! shout for glee,
For our poor, half-starved *genus* ;
That in these raging dog-days, we
Have found a true Mæcenæ !

And what in olden time was he
To that rare fellow, Horace,
In modern days, perhaps P. T.
Barnum may be for M * * * * s!

III.

O ye who rack your weary brains,
And waste your midnight tapers,
And get your labor for your pains,
Rhyming for weekly papers;
O ye who toil 'neath Godey's lash,
Or Sartain's tender mercies,
Just think! \$200, cash,
For half-a-dozen verses!

IV.

\$200, cash! My eyes!
In *cash*, two hundred dollars!
Why, in the good old centuries
Your Spensers and your Wallers,
And those Elizabethan gents,
In ruffs, and beards and bonnets,
Were glad to get as many *pence*
For one of their short sonnets!

V.

'Tis true ! 'tis true ! no fact is truer
In Livy or Quintillian,
For there is Barnum's signature,
That's good for half a million ;
' And Barnum's fame, I shall rejoice,'
(I cried, when first I read it),
' To sing as long as I have voice,
' Or he has—any credit !'

VI.

And thou ! sweet Jenny Lind ! 10th muse !
For so my fond heart 'shrines you,
With what resplendent, golden hues,
My glowing thought entwines you !
Oh wer't thou but my guiding star,
I'd fly where once I plodded,
Thou charming California,
In human form embodied !

VII.

Ho then ! ye Bards from best to worst,
In village, town or city,

Hand in your Songs before the 1st,
To Barnum's Prize Committee !
Ho ! every charming Poetess,
Pick out your choicest ditty,
And send it on, post paid—express—
To Barnum's Prize Committee !

This ebullition of genius magnanimously declining competition, was received with great applause, and it was unanimously conceded, that if the author of the Volunteer Ode had enlisted in the Barnum service, there would have been an immediate end to the labors of the Prize Committee, and an adjournment *sine nocte*.

The Committee being now fairly launched on its voyage of discovery, it was resolved, that no time be lost in canvassing the merits and demerits of the Songs as read ; particularly as it was inevitable, that if the latter branch of discussion were to be prosecuted, a second Committee would have to be fitted out to discover in what unnavigable seas or shoals of song its predecessor had suffered shipwreck. Prize Committee man No. 2, accordingly, after moistening his lips with a few bubbles of Heidsick, produced a genteel and neatly

folded manuscript, covered by the Boston post-mark, and endorsed with the memorandum, "If the within prescription should not meet the case, and be thrown up by the patient (Committee), please return it to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston."

THE MANAGER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Ballad.

BEING A VOICE FROM THE HO(L)MES OF THE POETS.

I'm a famous Cantatrice, and my name it is Miss Jenny,
And I've come to these United States to turn an honest
penny,
Says Barnum, "If you'll cross to the mighty Yankee na-
tion,
We can make in that Republic, a royal speculation ;
Just resign yourself to me, and we will raise the wind,
As sure as my name's Barnum and yours is Jenny
Lind !

“I’m proprietor,” says he, “of a splendid Institution,
“ Ahead of all that’s English, French, Austrian, or Russian ;

Its nearly half a century since first it was created,
And just below the Park the building is located ;
A marble structure, proof ’gainst lightning, rain, or wind,
As sure as my name’s Barnum, and yours is Jenny
Lind !

“ ’Tis our country’s proudest boast—the American Museum !

Its flags are all day floating ; a mile off you can see ’em ;
It’s the refuge of the Drama, both moral and domestic,
The home of Nature’s works, rare, monstrous, and majestic,

Including every wonder, from poles to hottest Ind,
As sure as my name’s Barnum and yours is Jenny
Lind !”

“I’ve got the public sympathies ; there’s not another
man

Can get up entertainments on my peculiar plan,

Some folks pronounce it *humbug*, but that I reckon praise,
Because they have to add—how monstrously it pays.
And the *end* is still the salvo, tho' in the *means* you've
sinned,
As sure as my name's Barnum and yours is Jenny
Lind!

“But in the last few months there's been a slight decline
In the living Alligator and Anaconda line ;
Even Tom Thumb exhibitions are getting rather slow,
And my factory for Whales was burnt a while ago,
And the Mammoth Boy and Girl are getting rather thinned,
As sure as my name's Barnum and yours is Jenny
Lind!

“I must provide the public with some new Exhibition,
For I hold my popularity on that express condition ;
So I thought of you Miss Jenny, the Swedish Nightingale ;
And I said, she's used up Europe, and some day her
voice may fail,

The chance must not be lost, my sails must catch the
wind,

As sure as my name's Barnum and hers is Jenny
Lind !

"So Jenny, come along ! you're just the card for me,
And quit these kings and queens, for the country of the
free,

They'll welcome you with speeches, and serenades, and
rockets,

And you will touch their hearts, and I will tap their
pockets ;

And if between us both, the public isn't skinned,
Why my name isn't Barnum nor your name Jenny
Lind !"

"All very well, Meinherr," says I, "but then Meinherr,
you see,

I shall have to ask at first, a trifling guaranty,
Because a poor lone woman, that earns her daily bread
By singing songs in public, must see that she gets fed,
And on my own exertions you know my fortune's pinned,
As sure as your name's Barnum and mine is Jenny
Lind !

“Just now I get a living that keeps me from distress,
But then to cross the water to a sort of wilderness,
Why that’s a different matter, and before I budge an inch,
I must save myself the risk of getting in a pinch,
And close with you a bargain that neither may rescind,
As long as your name’s Barnum and mine is Jenny
Lind!

“First of all then, my expenses, and a suite of two and
twenty,
Who must board at first-rate houses where every thing
is plenty ;
For myself a stylish mansion, or a neat suburban villa,
With a coach and four in hand, and a service all of
‘siller,’
And a pony for my riding, to be warranted in wind,
As sure as your name’s Barnum and mine is Jenny
Lind!

“Then the privilege of singing whenever I’ve a mind to,
And just the sort of songs I chance to feel inclined to,
For which I should expect (to make the terms quite light),

At least a thousand pounds in cash for every night ;
On these terms I am yours, if you can raise the wind,
As sure as your name's Barnum and mine is Jenny
Lind !"

Says he, " That's mighty liberal, and added to it all,
I'll go and build for you a new and splendid Hall,
And then," says he, " I'm thinking that my next *haul*
will be,
Upon the ' liberal public ' of high and low degree ;
And if between us both their purses are not thinned,
Why my name isn't Barnum nor your name Jenny
Lind !"

A variety of knowing winks were on the point of following this scintillation of science, when the gravity of the Committee was suddenly and most effectually restored by the lofty tone of the next song, which, without a moment's preparatory warning, the sonorous voice of Prize Committee man No. 3, poured forth :

BARNUMOPSIS.

A RECITATIVE.

When to the common rest that crowns his days,
Dusty and worn the tired pedestrian goes,
What light is that whose wide o'erlooking blaze,
A sudden glory on his pathway throws ?

'Tis not the setting sun, whose drooping lid,
Closed on the weary world at half-past six ;
'Tis not the rising moon, whose rays are hid
Behind the city's sombre piles of bricks.

It is the Drummond Light, that from the top
Of Barnum's massive pile, sky-mingling there,
Darts its quick gleam o'er every shadowed shop,
And gilds Broadway with unaccustomed glare.

There o'er the sordid gloom, whose deep'ning tracks
Furrow the city's brow, the front of ages ;
Thy loftier light descends on cabs and hacks,
And on two dozen different lines of stages !

O, twilight Sun, with thy far-darting ray,
Thou art a type of him whose tireless hands
Hung thee on high to guide the stranger's way,
Where, in its pride, his vast Museum stands.

Him, who in search of wonders new and strange,
Grasps the wide skirts of Nature's mystic robe,
Explores the circles of eternal change,
And the dark chambers of the central globe.

He, from the reedy shores of fabled Nile,
Has brought, thick-ribbed and ancient as old iron,
That venerable beast the crocodile,
And many a skin of many a famous lion.

Go lose thyself in those continuous halls,
Where strays the fond papa with son and daughter,
And all that charms or startles or appals,
Thou shalt behold, and for a single quarter!

Far from the Barcan deserts now withdrawn,
There huge constrictors coil their scaly backs,
There, cased in glass, malignant and unshorn,
Old murderers glare in sullenness and wax.

There many a varied form the sight beguiles,
In rusty broad-cloth decked and shocking hat,
And there the unwieldy Lambert sits and smiles
In the majestic plenitude of fat.

Or for thy gayer hours, the ourang-outang
Or ape salutes thee with his strange grimace,
And in their shapes, stuffed as on earth they sprang,
Thine individual being thou can'st trace !

And joys the youth in life's green spring, who goes
With the sweet babe and the grey-headed nurse,
To see those Cosmoramic orbs disclose,
The varied beauties of the universe.

And last, not least, the marvellous Ethiope,
Changing his skin by preternatural skill,
Whom every setting sun's diurnal slope
Leaves whiter than the last, and whitening still.

All that of monstrous, scaly, strange and queer,
Has come from out the womb of earliest time,
Thou hast, O Barnum, in thy keeping here,
Nor is this all—for triumphs more sublime,

Await thee yet ! I, Jenny Lind, who reigned
Sublimely throned, the imperial queen of song,
Wooed by thy golden harmonies have deigned
Captive to join the heterogeneous throng.

Sustained by an unfaltering trust in coin,
Dealt from thy hand, O thou illustrious man,
Gladly I heard the summons come to join
Myself the innumerable caravan !

Profound silence and five segars. The Prize Committee was evidently impressed, and subdued. Prize Committee man No. 4, broke the seal of his envelope with a trembling hand, and released from the captivity of a satin wove envelope, decorated with a silver sprig over the seal, a delicate sheet of note paper, upon which, in the finest lady's hand, was inscribed

THE ZEPHYR SONG.

BY SOPHRONIA OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Oh sweet and serene is the Nightingale's song
Warbled out of his soft, downy, delicate throat,

As he sits on the tree top, and sings all night long,
With a gentle, seraphic, symphonious note.

Oh soft is the rivulet's low heaving dash,
With its murmuring trickle, meander, and twist,
You may hear its faint ripple and exquisite splash,
If you pause on the moss-covered margin, and list.

Oh mild is the Zephyr that sports in the grove
In the glowing, profound, circumambient air,
There the sweet little robin and humming-bird rove,
And the home of the innocent woodcock is there !

But sweeter, serener, more mild and more soft
Is the song I would warble and whisper to thee,
Oh country of Barnum,—sweet country, how oft
Has the thought of the Songstress reverted to thee !

I hail thee ! I hail thee ! and oh, how my heart
Swells, heaves and expands, I cannot express,
Weeps, sighs and rejoices, and fain would depart
To the home of the Zephyr thy shores to caress !

And just as the Zephyr lurks in the cool shade,
The meadow, the grove, the cerulean sky,

Shall my spirit the home of thy greatness pervade,
And soar with the Eagle to regions on high !

One of the Prize Committee was here heard to express his deliberate intention to give that \$200 to one of the "Female Poets." On the whole, he thought he should vote for the Zephyr Song. He had always understood that the Nine Muses were females. There was a natural connection between Poetry and the Fair Sex. There were upwards of two hundred Female Poets in the United States ; and if this Committee neglected the opportunity of patronizing them as a body, to the extent of a couple of hundred, it would be a burning shame, and another melancholy proof that the age of chivalry was not only gone, but was never going to come back.

Further sensation on this topic was knocked in the head by the following

BROADSIDE,

BY A BOSTON BARD.

I.

On my honor, five quite pretty men
You must be, you Prize-Committee men,

Sitting there with such effront'ry,
To decide who, forsooth,
Of a truth,
Is the Poet of the Country !
Just as if, you vain presumers,
Filled with narrow Gotham humors,
You could gauge Parnassus' summits
By your paltry lines and plummets ;
Just as if the nine old Muses
Did as P. T. Barnum chooses,
Or as if his picked Committee
(More's the pity !)
Caught them in their flimsy nooses !

II.

Just as if we men of station,
Poets of consideration,
Wrapped in mental adumbration,
In the Athens of the Nation,
With a lofty consecration,
Nursing our own reputation,
And, by mutual laudation,
Warding off depreciation,
With a timely hush—

For your wretched arbitration,
Cared a rush !

III.

"I had a vision in my dreams,
I saw a row of twenty beams."
Thus once a Boston Poet wrote,
('Tis "The Dilemma" that I quote),
But little recked how soon his thought
Its own interpretation wrought.
The twenty beams are in your eyes,
You five Committee men so wise,
Two in each eye, that makes the score,
(For aught I know there's fifty more,)
Yet there you sit, the motes to find
That make aspiring poets blind,
And fix upon the only one,
Whose vision can behold the sun !

IV.

Now really, you five song inspectors,
Doggerel readers and detectors,
Who on the hapless, harum scarem,
Frightened Corpus Poetarum,

Sit as surgeons and dissectors ;
Tell me, do you really think
A Boston Bard would stoop to drink
At such a Helicon as rises
For any number of your prizes ?
As well we might descend with you,
To race along Third Avenue,
Or in the strife of buggies, goad
Our steeds along the Harlem Road !*
No, no, the only thing we'll do,
Poor New-York authorlings for you,
Is, when a clever thing or two
Appears in any of your books,
We'll dress it up into good looks,
Give it the sanction of our name,
(A clever thing in us Patricians)
And patronize it down to fame
In one of Ticknor's best editions !

v.

Well ! work away, poor Prize Committee,
I've done !

* *Vide*, a late Phi Beta Kappa Poem at Yale College.

It's wrong in me to be too witty,
When I have all the fun !
But if this song should be the best,
And you obliged to choose it,
I'll add a chorus to the rest,
And see you mind and use it.

CHORUS OF BOSTON BARDS.

Don't bother us here with your Jenny Lind prize,
Nor to start up our Pegasus dream,
We have learned that the way to be wealthy and wise,
Is profoundly the rest of the world to despise,
And be rich in our own self-esteem !

The Prize Committee rose in a body. It opened all the windows. It unbuttoned its waistcoat. It made inquiries for ice and Croton. The Prize Committee had feelings ; it could not sit quietly under such an insult. It could endure open abuse, but anonymous slanders were too much for the Prize Committee. It examined the treacherous manuscript, but no traces of authorship were to be ascertained. The Prize Committee was the victim of malice. It meditated on the law of libel. It regretted it was not an Attorney and Counsellor. The Prize Com-

mittee came near doing violence to itself, and there is no telling what might have happened if the Prize Committee had not suddenly recollected that it was a husband and a father. The Prize Committee repressed its indignation, and in the exercise of heroic indifference and a cool contempt, seated itself at the barrels and devoted itself to duty.

And was not that a spectacle upon which the eye of the American Muse might have looked with satisfaction ; the Prize Committee pursuing its researches in those tune-ful casks, the receptacles of the genius of a continent ! Patiently, and with a spirit worthy of its judicial ermine, did the Prize Committee delve into the recesses of envelopes, blue, yellow and white, and decipher the hieroglyphical manuscripts of two thousand poets. By a strange coincidence (as appeared from subsequent comparison of notes), for the first hour and a half every song opened by the Prize Committee, commenced either with “ Flag of the Free ! ” “ Home of the Brave ! ” or some analogous burst of patriotic enthusiasm. But the most interesting feature of the investigation, was the attachment and devotion which it brought to light on the part of the entire body of American poets, male and female, to the American Eagle. That august bird was the subject of universal

homage, adulation and illustration. The American Eagle was referred to by name in at least nine out of every ten songs examined by the Committee, and his peculiar habits and manners furnished the most inexhaustible fund for the exercise of the poetic genius in its descriptive, imaginative, pathetic and prophetic flights. The Eagle was represented, sometimes, as perched on the inaccessible peaks of the Rocky Mountains; occasionally he was seen making formidable attacks upon the British Lion; once, he appeared in full view with the island of Cuba hanging at his beak; but generally he was pictured in all his glory, soaring in general, to no particular place, and, once or twice, he went entirely out of sight.

The Prize Committee are fully aware of the great interest which the American people would take in the publication of these songs, but the respect which the Prize Committee, as a body, entertains for the American Eagle (to whom these Disclosures are dedicated), prevents it from giving unnecessary notoriety to the personal and private habits of that Ornithological Veteran.

After four hours diligent search, the Prize Committee rose from the barrels and reported progress. Prize Committee Man No. 1, led off with renewed energy and vigor, and the Prize Committee listened to—

“AT MIDNIGHT IN HIS DOWNY BED.”

BY AN ANCIENT CROAKER, ARRANGED AS A DUET FOR
JENNY LIND AND P. T. BARNUM.

I. *Jenny Lind.*

At midnight in his downy bed,
Barnum lay dreaming sore perplexed,
In vain he clutched the damask spread,
And drew the curtains round his head,
Still dreams his slumber vexed :
In dreams from out the wave-washed rocks
A Mermaid rose with golden locks ;
While soft his drowsy sense to greet,
In all her silver accents stirred,
The voice of Jenny Lind, as sweet
As Eden's garden bird !

An hour passed on and Barnum woke,
That midnight fancy fired his brain,
He woke, to hear 'midst fire and smoke
The whistle of the Express train.
He woke, to grasp his travelling cloak,
And ere the early morning broke,
The steamer's deck to gain !

He sailed, and in eleven days
Old England's landscape meets his gaze,
Past lordly towers and storied scenes,
On rapid rail-cars see him flit,
Nor rests until within the "Queen's"
He sits, expectant, in the pit!

II. *Barnum.*

Sing, Jenny Lind! for Barnum hears
And listens, too, while both his ears
Drink in the vocal honey;
Sing for the credit of your name!
Sing for your transatlantic fame!
And Barnum's ready money!

She sang, sweet Jenny, long and well!
They piled the stage with fresh bouquets,
She curtsied, and the curtain fell
And hid her from their raptured gaze.
She disappeared, but Barnum well
The matter ponders in his mind,
And in a fortnight more, the spell
Is woven, and at her hotel
The contract sealed and signed!

III. *Jenny Lind.*

Come to the dreamings of the Dunce
Fortune, thou spirit bold and keen !
Come to the man who never once
The wonders of Wall-street has seen ;
And thou art powerless—the will
Springs not thy bidding to fulfil,
And grasp with all a Yankee's skill,
On future fortune bent,
Those hints of thine that point the way
To where a moderate outlay
Returns, and at no future day,
Its seventy per cent !

But to a Barnum, who has made
All nature lend her powerful aid
To his bold enterprises,
Nor yet a single scheme has laid,
Nor with a daring humbug played,
That has not gloriously paid,
No call of thine surprises !

Thy form is welcome as the sight
Of diamonds sparkling in the light,

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That rent the Californian sky,

When first the adventurers bold,
Beheld the stream by Suter's mill
Begin the empty ditch to fill
With sands of Virgin gold !

iv. *Barnum.*

Oh ! now my deathless fame allied
With Jenny Lind, immortal charmer,
Down future ages yet shall glide,
An endless Moving Panorama.

v. *Both.*

Whatever fall, we stand secure,
Whatever chance, our cards are sure,
For ever shall our fame endure,
For who than we have higher claims,
Who spread before the public eye
Two of the few immortal names,
That were not born to die !

Prize Committee Man No. 1 took a long breath. His successor, who had grown very impatient during the reading, dashed ahead at the top of his lungs, and with evident consciousness of effect.

SWEET FIFTEEN,

OR THE BRAVE FIREMAN.

I.

Just landed in New-York, what think you first I saw,
With its brasses bright and clean ?
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,
Going to the fire !

II.

On Sunday, with the church bells, other sounds arose,
Of heavy bells, all between ;
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,
Going to the fire !

III.

At noon all about there was a mighty rout,
I saw a thundering machine ;
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,
Going to the fire !

IV.

A trumpet spoke at midnight, like a battle-cry,
What could the summons mean ?
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,
Going to the fire !

V.

Five and Forty red men past my window came ;
Are these Indians I have seen ?
'Twas Sweet Fifteen,
Going to the fire !

Prize Committee Man No. 3, reported his great embarrassment in venturing to present any song as a competition with the Recitative which he had first read, owing to the evident impression produced on the minds of the committee with regard to that production and its source, and the Olympian shadow which it threw over all the efforts of all minor poets. He had, however, fished up a song, which might perhaps come into competition with any thing produced by the author of *Barnumopsis*.

“TELL ME NOT IN SPITEFUL NUMBERS”

WHAT THE HEART OF JENNY LIND SAID TO THE AUDIENCE.

Tell me not in spiteful numbers,
That my voice is failing fast,
That my noblest triumph slumbers
With the plaudits of the past.

Trust not to the groundless rumor
Spread by some malicious tongue,
I can sing, if I've the humor,
Better than I've ever sung.

Not for barons, Dane or German,
Not to court imperial favors,
Not for princes wrapped in ermine,
Have I trilled my noblest quavers.

Not for Englands's Queen, or proudest
Of her sullen lordly drones,
Were the highest, or the loudest,
Or the sweetest of my tones.

But for you, O sovereign people
In this dwelling of the free,
Where each chimney, pole and steeple,
Points to skies of Liberty !

Nobler notes than duke or duchess
Dreamed of, here shall crown my lips,
Loftier bursts and finer touches,
Shall my former fame eclipse.

Let me then be up and singing,
With a voice more loud and free,
Still aspiring, stretching, stringing
Higher strains of melody.

Prize Committee man No. 4 was understood to say, that he held on to the Zephyr, but as a parallel effort of genius in another department, would read a song, provided the Committee could stand a strong odor of Patchouly.

“SUCH PEOPLE I NEVER HAVE MET.”

A SONG TO BE SUNG UNDER A THIN VEIL OF FACT.

Jenny Lind ; hair torsade à la Grecque ; robe of crêpe lisse over pink brocade, (godets, volants de Point Bruxelles, à discretion,) advances to the foot-lights, surveys the Audience, and then retreating with an expression of surprise and dismay, breaks out to Mr. Barnum in an Aside, as follows :

I.

Such people I never have met
In any respectable place ;

To sing to this Plebeian set
Will be an eternal disgrace ;
In vain every face I've been reading,
To try and discover, somehow,
The first faintest trace of high breeding,
Or an aristocratic eyebrow.

II.

Ah me ! I protest I must shut
My eyes and my senses as well—
There's a man who is eating a nut
With a yellowish sort of a shell ;
I never beheld any where
Such a general consumption of fruits ;
And just look where that monster, down there,
Is trying to stick up his boots.

III.

There's a couple of women with muffs,
In spite of the heat of the weather ;
And there, without collars or cuffs,
Six elderly females together ;
And in front, with a red coral necklace—
Most hideous sight of them all—

Is a creature so perfectly reckless
That she's come in a bonnet and shawl.

IV.

There's a vast many ribbons and flounces,
And ear-rings, and bracelets, and curls,
And turquoise and paste by the ounces,
But where are your diamonds and pearls?
O show me a genuine jewel,
Or a yard of Valenciennes lace,
Ere you force me, relentless and cruel,
To sing in this horrible place!

Committee man No. 5 confessed to having fallen asleep over his barrel for a few minutes ; but said that he rather liked the song which he was going to read, from the fact that its rejection would not be attended with any kind of responsibility.

“O LAND OF HAPPY HEARTS AND HOMES.”

A SONG WITHOUT AN AUTHOR, WHICH THE COMMITTEE
NEED NOT ADOPT UNLESS THEY PLEASE, NOR JENNY
LIND SING UNLESS SHE CHOOSES.

O Land of happy Hearts and Homes!
Land of the Free!

O'er all the earth a welcome comes
From kindred souls, to thee !
To thee, O Land of Youth sublime,
Bright jewel on the brow of Time !
O Land of Liberty !

II.

Old Ocean clasps thee to his side,
Land of the Free !
And Nature weaves—O beauteous bride !—
Her richest crown for thee.
For thee, O youthful Queen of States,
For thee, the darling of the Fates,
O Land of Liberty !

III.

Thy glory brightens as it blooms—
Land of the Free !
Starlike amidst the ancient glooms,
It wins the world to thee !
To thee, O promised Land of Rest,
To thee, the Eden of the West !
O Land of Liberty !

IV.

Far down the years the Future stands,
Land of the Free !
And choicer gifts his aged hands,
Still hold in store for thee :
For thee, O Land of long increase,
For thee, the chosen shrine of peace !
O Land of Liberty !

V.

O Land of happy Hearts and Homes,
Land of the Free !
With all the Earth's, my welcome comes,
A Song, a Song to thee !
To thee O Land of hope divine,
A welcome from this heart of mine !
O Land of Liberty !

The Prize Committee retired to the barrels again with undiminished energy. Its wonderful powers of endurance in the discharge of its laborious duties are only to be accounted for by the fact, that the atmosphere of song, by which it was surrounded, produced upon its nerves an effect similar to that of the air in the Mammoth Cave of

Kentucky, and other extensive subterranean excavations. The Prize Committee had by this time arrived at such a state of intense exhilaration, that it absolutely felt a profound sensation of regret at reaching the bottom of the barrels; it would willingly have read on until the end of its life, and then been headed up in the hogshead for preservation in that niche of the American Museum, to which a grateful posterity would have assigned it. But this, a sense of duty forbid. The invidious task of selection must now be performed—the third scrutiny (as may naturally be supposed from what has gone before) failed to afford any thing superior to its former discoveries, and the Prize Committee was about reverting to the songs previously selected, when Prize Committee man No. 5, extricating the last song from the last barrel, and breaking the seal, suddenly started up with the cry of “*Eureka!*” an exclamation which, as afterwards translated to the Prize Committee, appeared singularly appropriate and felicitous.

A unanimous vote confirmed the selection, and the Prize Committee publish to all mankind, the PRIZE SONG, and inform the world at large, that any other song sung by Jenny Lind under that name, is in the strictest Pickwickian-sense, a Humbug.

THE SONG OF THE STEAMER ATLANTIC.

BY AN INTELLECTUAL STOKER.

Jenny Lind advances to the footlights, waves her hand impatiently, and sings, with the air of an Improvisatore :

Away with your verses, so dull and pedantic,
They only disgust where you meant them to please ;
I'll sing you the Song of the Steamer Atlantic,
The triumph of Art, and the Queen of the seas !

O ye travellers, gay, grave, sedate or romantic,
If over the water you're thinking to go,
Just engage yourselves berths, in the Steamer Atlantic,
At 56 Wall, E. K. Collins & Co !

What a model of grace, what proportions gigantic,
How solid each timber, spar, paddle and shaft ;
Just examine yourselves if the Steamer Atlantic,
Isn't beauty and strength, 'midships, for'ard, and aft.

O, well might the British wax raging and frantic,
And Americans glow with a new kindled ardor,
When they heard of the way that the Steamer Atlantic
Had beaten the trip of the swiftest Cunarder.

See her glide on her way, while the billows grow antic
With joy, as her prow clasps the watery *waist*,
And the white caps that gleam round the Steamer Atlantic
Are got up in a style of unparalleled taste.

And e'en when old Boreas, raging and frantic,
Blows hard on his bellows resounding and hoarse,
How grandly, how proudly the Steamer Atlantic
Still dares him to combat, and ploughs on her course.

Then away, then away, with your rhymes sycophantic,
Your lyrical twaddling, conceited and long ;
And join in the lay of the Steamer Atlantic,
The noblest of themes for American song.

And so shall our Union, supreme and gigantic,
The Queen of the Nations, the triumph of Time,
Sail straight on her course, like the steamer Atlantic,
O'er the dark rolling years to a Future sublime !

Let Disunionists rave, and fanatics grow frantic,
 And the birds of the tempest in myriads swarm—
 Still gallant and stanch as the steamer Atlantic,
 Though her timbers may creak, she shall weather the
 storm !

And then (strange and unaccountable delusion !) it seems to the mind of the Prize Committee as if it—that most grave and majestic of tribunals—with its brain fired by the fumes of song, did suddenly, and by irresistible impulse, hand in hand surround that sombre and vacant hogshead, and, with impetuous movement, join in a delirious dance, in which—O marvellous metamorphose !—the huge hogshead also bore its part—a venerable Saturn, surrounded by the Prize Committee—a luminous belt—while the roof resounded with the echoes of the

GRAND COMMITTEE CHORUS.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE OCCASION BY THE AMERICAN
 MUSE.

FIRST PRIZE COMMITTEE MAN.

O what fancies through my noddle
 Jump Jim Crow !

Hail Columbia ! Yankee Doodle !
Round about we go !
Up and down, high and low,
Westward Ho !
Round about the hogshead go !

GRAND CHORUS.

Up and down, high and low,
Westward Ho !
Round about the hogshead go !

SECOND PRIZE COMMITTEE MAN.

Stars ascendant, stripes resplendent,
Sons of liberty !
Thanatopsis ; Barnumopsis ;
Woodman spare that tree !

GRAND CHORUS.

Up and down, &c.

THIRD PRIZE COMMITTEE MAN.

Flag of freedom ! Spangled Banner,
Ole Ule-Le !

Sons of heroes ! O Susannah,
Don't you cry for me !

GRAND CHORUS.

Up and down, &c.

HOGSHEAD.

Joel Barlow ! guns and triggers !
Long time ago !
Lyres and lyrics ! tropes and figures !
Round about I go.

HOGSHEAD CHORUS.

Have a care, mind your toes
Round about the hogshead goes !

FOURTH PRIZE COMMITTEE MAN.

Eagles flying, steamers plying
Sacramento's waves,
New York city ! Prize Committee !
Stand your ground, my braves !

GRAND CHORUS.

Up and down, &c.

FIFTH PRIZE COMMITTEE MAN.

Drums and bugles ! fife and fiddle !
Independence day !
Yankee Doodle ! Barnum diddle !
Hail Columbi-a !

GRAND HOGSHEAD AND COMMITTEE CHORUS.

Up and down, high and low,
Westward Ho !
A thousand Poets in a row
Yankee Doodle ! Jim Crow !
Round and round about we go !
Have a care ! mind your toes,
Round about the hogshead goes,
Have a care ! your toes beware,
Round the Prize Committee goes !

THE END.

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